

THM

THOMAS HAMPSON

WONDROUS FREE

SONG OF AMERICA II

WONDROUS FREE

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THM

THOMAS HAMPSON / BARITONE

CRAIG RUTENBERG / WOLFRAM RIEGER / PIANO

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CELEBRATING 250 YEARS OF AMERICAN SONG

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Blue Mountain Ballads

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THOMAS HAMPSON, BARITONE

*WOLFRAM RIEGER / **CRAIG RUTENBERG, PIANO

WONDROUS FREE: THOUGHTS ON SONG IN AMERICA

BY THOMAS HAMPSON

Song is a metaphor of the imagination; it is poetic thought encapsulated in music. By definition eclectic, American song reflects its rich polycultural heritage. America's songwriters have absorbed a rich range of impulses and influences for compositional inspiration, including the echoes of jazz and blues, the resonance of spirituals and slave rhythms, the pulses of Protestant hymns and revival meetings, the melodies of minstrelry, vaudeville, and musical theater. But American song, as all American art forms, has also been profoundly influenced from abroad. The entire art song tradition in America was born of European parentage to such an extent that early in its history American art song was often viewed as a bastard child--a transplanted medium that reflected the sentiments of an elite segment of cosmopolitan America. Only through the identifiably numerous philosophical, economic, and socio-cultural changes that started to define an "American" did the art of song slowly gain in popularity, critical esteem and validity of our idiomatic individuality. Along with writers and visual artists, American composers struggled to create a voice that would articulate the changing psychology of an emerging nation founded on the promise of "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness".

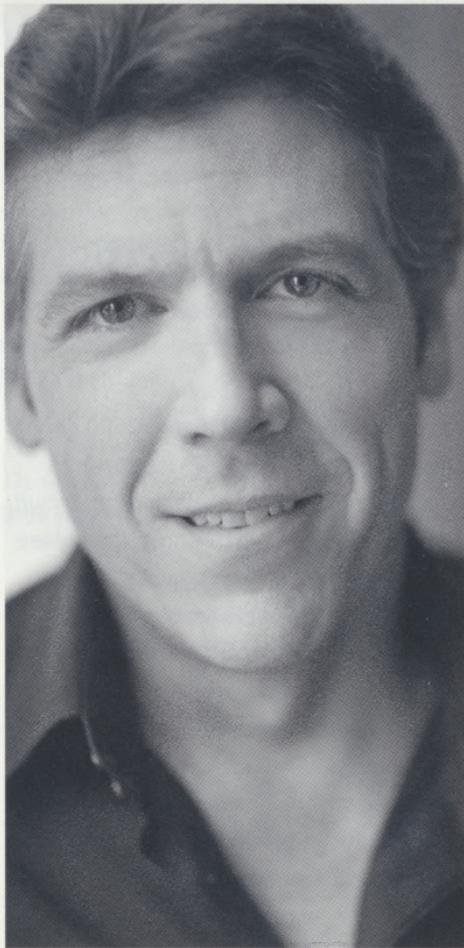


Photo: Dario Acosta

This “pursuit” began with Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who is credited with composing the first American art song, *My days have been so wondrous free*, dated 1759.

Although this and subsequent songs published by Hopkinson were strongly influenced by the mid-18th-century English and Italian repertoire, Hopkinson recognized his unique place in American music. In a volume of keyboard works that also includes songs, he wrote in his dedication to General George Washington: “However small the Reputation may be that I shall derive from this Work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the Credit of being the first Native of the United States who has produced a Musical Composition ...” He adds a prophetic comment: “If this attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture in a path, yet untrodden in America, and the Arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us.”

Between the war of 1812 and the start of the Civil War, American art song shed its English pretensions and began to assimilate genres and indigenous influences that evolved into a recognizably “American” style. Stephen Foster stands out as the most remarkable composer of this era. In 1855 Foster’s songs were on the lips of virtually every American. The seeds of American popular song, jazz, and the roots of the American sentimental ballad that became a staple in American home life are evident in his catalog of more than 200 works.

This cross-current of European and American exchange reached its pinnacle from 1830-1860, a tremendously fertile period in America for poetry, literature, painting, philosophy, and social experimentation. In song, editions of Robert Schumann’s *Lieder* were published in the US as evidence of the popularity of Jenny Lind, the “Swedish Nightingale”. Composers emulated the Germans and French in their song styles, while searching for a way to tell the new story of America in new ways. Thinkers like Emerson were reshaping the lessons of Goethe, Schiller, and Hegel while Whitman was reading Heine and Blake and absorbing the sounds of Italian opera along with the melodies of Stephen Foster, filtering them all into a new poetic language that was distinctly American.

This period of American Renaissance represented the nation’s coming of age in terms of its cultural identity. At last American artists felt self-reliant enough to accept what they would from their European forebears and reject--or rather reshape--what they wished. After a century of cultural insecurity, Americans began to enjoy the fusion of so-called “high art” and folk art that inevitably shaped the American thought and musical style.

One more generation passed before the ideas gleaned across the ocean began to meld with American compositional trends. European-trained composers from this period included Amy

Beach, Arthur Foote, George W. Chadwick, Edward MacDowell and Sidney Homer. Foote and Chadwick were the first of this group to raise the status of American song to a high level of personality and workmanship. The songs of MacDowell bear the imprint of his German training. The works of Harry T. Burleigh include arrangements of spirituals that he personally performed for Dvorák.

With the cessation of World War I, America freed itself from the bonds of European musical culture and took on the challenge of Dvorák to “find our own voice among the many indigenous voices in America”. What he didn’t anticipate was Charles Ives, the first American “original” in music and the first American composer to enjoy international attention. His was a completely autonomous musical world, but with deep roots in his New England origins.

During the period between the world wars, American music firmly established its own identity as a vital cultural force. Development of the phonograph and radio after 1920 brought performances of serious music by the greatest singers of the day into millions of American households and also brought exposure abroad. Americans who composed notable art songs during this time included Aaron Copland and Samuel Barber, as well as Richard Hageman, Henry Hadley, Louis Campbell-Tipton, John Alden Carpenter, Elinor Remick Warren and William Grant Still.

Following World War II, new directions in American poetry established by such poets as e.e. cummings and Gertrude Stein solidified the concept of the poet as equal partner with the composer in the creative process. Composers such as Virgil Thomson, John Duke, Leonard Bernstein and Marc Blitzstein benefited from this unique flowering of “new” poetry. Two distinct directions emerged in the musical world after 1945, and therefore in the world of

American art song: composers who continued within the realm of tonality and those concerned with a very new world of exploratory tonality based on serial techniques developed by Schoenberg and Webern.

At the outset of the 21st century, America’s art song literature provides a means of communicating through the simple beauty of word and music, the truths of a nation born of an ideology whose language celebrates the individual. This language of heart and mind says everything about the culture that created it. When we sing our own songs, those who hear us will experience the best of what freedom of thought and purpose can achieve through art.

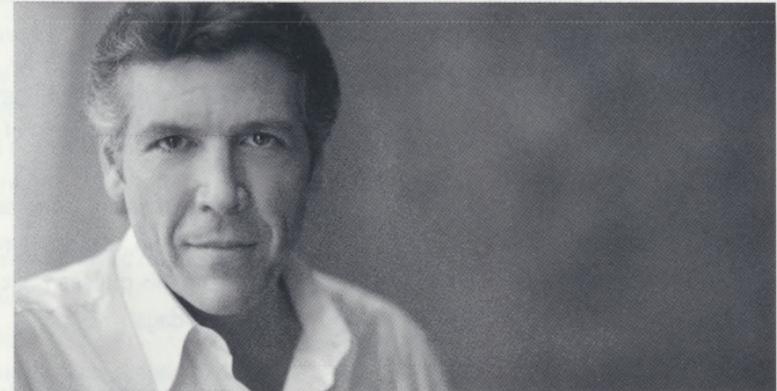


Photo: Dario Acosta

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With thanks and acknowledgement to Carla Maria Verdino-Süllwold,
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1. MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO
WONDROUS FREE (1759)

Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791)
Text: Thomas Parnell (1679-1718)

My days have been so wondrous free,
the little birds that fly
with careless ease from tree
to tree were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear
of mine increased their stream.
And ask the breathing gales if e'er
I lent a sigh to them.

2. A SIMPLE SONG (1971)

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
**Text: Leonard Bernstein and Stephen
Schwartz**

Sing God a simple song:
Lauda, Laude...
Make it up as you go along:
Lauda, Laude...
Sing like you like to sing.
God loves all simple things,
For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song
To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.
I will sing His praises while I live.
Al of my days.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises Him.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude...
And walks His ways.

3. SONGS MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME (1895)

3. SONGS MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME (1895)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)
Text: Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923)

I will lift up my eyes
To the hills from whence comes my help.
I will lift up my voice to the Lord
Singing Lauda, Laude.
For the Lord is my shade,
Is the shade up on my right hand,
And the sun shall not smite me by day
Nor the moon by night.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Lauda, Lauda, Laude...
And walks His ways.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude, Lauda, Lauda di da
di day...
All of my days.

(Published by Boosey and Hawkes)

Songs my mother taught me in the days
long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear
drops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious
measure;
Often tears are flowing from my memory's
treasure.

4. A TIME FOR FAREWELL

[1982]

Jay Ungar (b. 1946)

Text: Cleo Laine (b. 1927)

I can see a distant light,
hear the music all surrounding
that shatters the silence
so heavy to bear
lifts my soul into the night
fills my heart with love abounding
and brings me the peace we all surely will
share.

Tho' it's time for farewell
the time for the parting
whatever the dawn may bring you
will be part of my heart
each living moment, each summer
each autumn, each winter, each spring.

I can see...

There'll be a part of my heart fill'd with the
mem'ry of summer
each autumn, each winter, each spring.

(Published by Swinging Door Music-BMI)

5. SHENANDOAH

arr. Stephen White (b. 1943)

Text: Traditional

O Shenandoah, I hear you calling,
Hio! you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Hio! I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Missouri she's a mighty river,
Hio! you rolling river,
When she rolls down her topsails shiver,
Hio! I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Farewell, my dearest, I'm bound to leave
you;
Hio! you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Hio! I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

6. GOD BE IN MY HEART

[1950]

Elinor Remick Warren (1900-1991)

Text: Anon. 16th Century

God be in my heart
And in my understanding;
God be in my eyes
And in my looking;

God be in my lips
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
God be in my heart

And in my thinking;
God be with me at the end
And at my departing.
Oh, oh, God be in my heart.

7. LOOKING GLASS RIVER
(1909)

John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)
Text: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Smooth it slides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam -
O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air -
How a child wishes
To live down there!

8. AT EVEN (ca. 1930)

Elinor Remick Warren (1900-1991)
Text: Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (1882-1932)

You and I, the road, and the fading twilight.
Dusk and shadows lost in the winding
distance.
Then the night, and all but the starry
spaces.
Folded in darkness.
Just the winding road and the hills at even.
You and I alone, with the stars above us.
Only this, and silence to seal forever.
One dream of beauty.
You and I, the road, and the fading twilight.

9. RICHARD CORY (1948)

John Woods Duke (1899-1984)
Text: E.A. Robinson (1869-1935)

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good morning,"
And he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, yes richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat and cursed the
bread;
And Richard Cory one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his
head.

10. MINIVER CHEEVY (1948)

John Woods Duke (1899-1984)

Text: E.A.Robinson (1869-1935)

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean when he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were
prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediaeval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

11. LUKE HAVERGAL (1948)

John Woods Duke (1899-1984)

Text: E.A.Robinson (1869-1935)

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There where the vines cling crimson on the
wall,
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The leaves will whisper there of her, and
some,
Like flying words, will strike you as they
fall;
But go, and if you listen she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal --
Luke Havergal.

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are
gathering,
The dark will end the dark, if anything:
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies --
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must
go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this --
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, for the winds are tearing them away, --
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal --
Luke Havergal.

12. GRIEF (1953)

William Grant Still (1895-1978)

Text: LeRoy V. Brant (b. 1930)

Weeping angel with pinions trailing
And head bowed low in your hands.
Mourning angel with heartstrings waiting
For one who in death's hall stands,
Mourning angel silence your wailing
And raise your head from your hands,
Weeping angel with pinions trailing,
The white dove, promise, stands!

[Published by William Grant Still Music]

BLUE MOUNTAIN BALLADS

[1946]

[Published by G. Schirmer, Inc.]

13. HEAVENLY GRASS (1946)

Paul Bowles (1910-2002)

Text: Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

My feet took a walk
In heavenly grass
All day while the sky shone clear as glass.

My feet took a walk
In heavenly grass
All night while the lonesome stars rolled
past.

Then my feet come down to walk on earth
And my mother cried
When she gave me birth.

Now my feet walk far
And my feet walk fast
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

14. LONESOME MAN (1946)

Paul Bowles (1910-2002)

Text: Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day
But nobody ever stops by my way,
Nobody ever stops my way.

My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone
An' I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.

My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor
'Cause I won't buy love at the hardware
store,
I don't want love from the mercantile store.

Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed
While the moon looks down at my sleep-
less head,
While the moon grins down at an ole fool's
head.

15. CABIN (1946)

Paul Bowles (1910-2002)

Text: Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

The cabin was cozy
And hollyhocks grew
Bright by the door
Till his whisper crept through.

The sun on the sill
Was yellow and warm
Till she lifted the latch
For a man or a storm.

Now the cabin falls
To the winter wind
And the walls cave in
Where they kissed and sinned.

And the long white rain
Sweeps clean the room
Like a white-haired witch
With a long straw broom!

16. SUGAR IN THE CANE

[1946]

Paul Bowles (1910-2002)

Text: Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

I'm red pepper in a shaker,
Bread that's waitin' for the baker.
I'm sweet sugar in the cane,
Never touched except by rain.
If you touched me, God save you,
These summer days are hot and blue.

I'm potatoes not yet mashed,
I'm a check that ain't been cashed.
I'm a window with a blind,
Can't see what goes on behind.
If you did, God save your soul!
These winter nights are blue and cold!

17. IN FLANDERS FIELDS

[1917]

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Text: John McCrae (1872-1918)

In Flanders fields the poppies blow;
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from falling hands we throw,
The torch; be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though [the] poppies
grow
In Flanders fields.

18. GENERAL BOOTH

ENTERS INTO HEAVEN [1926]

Sidney Homer (1864-1953)

Text: Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931)

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum
[Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?]
The Saints smiled gravely and they said,
"He's come,"
[Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?]

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank
Drabs from the alleyways, drug fiends pale
Minds still passion ridden, soul flowers frail:
Vermin eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death
[Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?]

Ev'ry slum had sent its half a score
The world round over. [Booth had groaned
for more].

Ev'ry banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes,
Big voiced lassies made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang;
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Hallelulah! It was queer to see
Bull necked convicts with that land made
free.
Loons with trumpets blown a blare, blare,
blare,
On, on, upward thro' the golden air!
[Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?]

Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God!
Booth led boldly and he look'd the chief
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

[cont.]

Jesus came from the court house door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there
Round and round the mighty courthouse
square.
Yet! in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.

The lame were straightened, withered limbs
uncurled,
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet
world.
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel head, the snout, the
jowel
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of forests green!
The hosts were sandall'd and their wings
were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

But their noise play'd havoc with the angel
choir,
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Oh shout Salvation!
It was good to see Kings and Princes by the
Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jingling jingl'd in the hands of Queens.

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag fill'd air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt
down.
He saw King Jesus; they were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

19. THE SEA (1893)

Edward MacDowell (1860-1900)

Text: William Dean Howells (1837-1920)

One sails away to sea, to sea,
One stands on the shore and cries;
The ship goes down the world, and the light
On the sullen water dies.

The whispering shell is mute,
And after is evil cheer;
She shall stand on the shore and cry in
vain,
Many and many a year.

But the stately wide-winged ship
Lies wrecked, lies wrecked on the unknown
deep;
Far under, dead in his coral bed,
The lover lies asleep.

20. NELLY WAS A LADY (1849)

Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)

Text: Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way.
All night de cottonwood atoting,
Sing for my true lub all de day

Nelly was a lady
Last night she died,
Toll de bel for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cottonwood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knocking at de door.

Nelly was a lady...

[cont.]

21. HARD TIMES (1855)

Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)

Text: Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864)

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count
its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor:
There's a song that will linger forever in our
ears;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no
more:
Many days have lingered around my cabin
door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning,
Smile till she opened up her eyes,
Seemed like de light ob day a-drawing,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Nelly was a lady...
Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
Dar she in death may find repose.

Nelly was a lady...

Down in the meadow 'mong de clobber,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,
Farwell my dark Virginny bride.

Nelly was a lady...

22. MEMORIES (1897)

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Text: Charles Ives (1874-1954)

A. Very Pleasant

While we seek mirth and beauty and
music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door:
There's a song that will linger forever in our
ears;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the
troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the
lowly grave,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no
more:
Many days have lingered around my cabin
door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay,
And well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,
"The band is tuning up
And soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum,
Beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy,
A certain kind of ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's.

[cont.]

THOMAS HAMPSON

BARITONE

Thomas Hampson is among the world's most celebrated, sought after singers performing on the stage today. During the last 25 years he has performed more than 70 roles in a dozen languages including title roles in nearly every major opera house in the world. The most respected recitalist of his generation, Thomas Hampson has won recognition for his thoughtfully researched and creatively constructed programs that explore the rich repertoire of song in a wide range of idiomatic styles, languages and periods. He is one of the most important interpreters of German romantic song, especially the works of Robert Schumann and Gustav Mahler, and with his ongoing Song of America project, a leading proponent of American song.

Through the Hampsong Foundation, (www.hampsong.org), he actively works towards employing the art of song to promote intercultural dialogue and understanding. For this work he recently received the Distinguished Artistic Leadership Award from The Atlantic Council, a Washington-based think tank. In 2008 he was named Special Advisor to the Study and Performance of Music in America by Dr. James H. Billington, Librarian of Congress.

Thomas Hampson's repertoire includes the title roles of Simon Boccanegra, Eugene Onegin, Don Giovanni, Macbeth, Il barbiere di Siviglia, Guillaume Tell, Werther, Billy Budd, Busoni's Doktor Faust, Szymanowski's King Roger, Hans Werner Henze's Der Prinz von Homburg, and

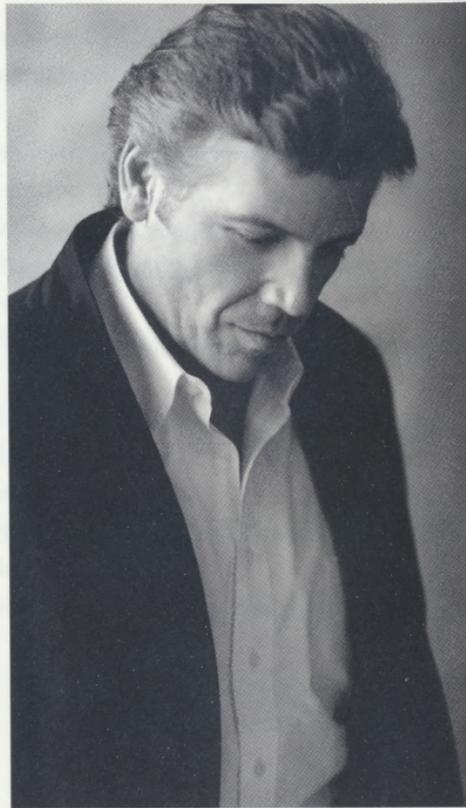


Photo: Dario Acosta

B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,
A tune as threadbare as that "old red
shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn,
It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early
morn,
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a
sweet,
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both
his feet;
I can see him shuffling down
To the barn or to the town,
A humming.

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Friedrich Cerha's *Der Riese vom Steinfeld*, which he performed in its 2002 world premiere in Vienna. Hampson has also sung the Count in *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Amfortas*, *Wolfram*, *Renato*, *Mandryka*, and *Oreste* in Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*. He appears regularly with the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, San Francisco Opera, Zurich Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden and Vienna State Opera.

Mr. Hampson's performances are widely available on over 150 audio recordings and DVDs, including recordings on his own label, Thomas Hampson Media (THM), and PBS's *Live From Lincoln Center*. His program "I Hear America Singing" has been featured on PBS's "Great Performers" series. Many of his recordings have won such prizes as Grammy® and Gramophone Awards, Grand Prix du Disque, Edison Prize, and Echo Klassik. Hampson's operatic performances on DVD include *Macbeth*, *Don Giovanni*, *Doktor Faust*, *Simon Boccanegra*, and *Werther*.

Raised in the state of Washington, Hampson began his professional career as a voice student of Sr. Marietta Coyle in Spokane. He made his Carnegie Hall debut in 1990 under the baton of Leonard Bernstein. In addition to his musical activities, he is a serious golfer, an avid collector of books and a committed advocate of new technologies.

For more information, please visit www.thomashampson.com.

WOLFRAM RIEGER

PIANIST



Photo: Wilfried Hösl

Wolfram Rieger received his first piano lessons from his parents and later from Konrad Pfeiffer in Regensburg. He soon developed a deep affection for Lied interpretation and therefore continued his studies at the Hochschule für Musik in Munich with the famous Lied pianists Prof. Dr. Erik Werba and Prof. Helmut Deutsch. After earning diploma with distinction, he attended several masterclasses with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Hans Hotter and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Even during his studies he began teaching at Munich's Hochschule für Musik until in 1991 he started his own Lieder class for singers and pianists. In 1998 he became Professor of a Lied class at Berlin's Hochschule für Musik "Hanns Eisler". Wolfram Rieger regularly holds masterclasses in Europe and Japan.

Wolfram Rieger is a regular guest artist at many important music centres and festivals throughout the world, including the Schubertiade Feldkirch, Schubertiada a Vilabertran, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Châtelet, London's Wigmore Hall, New York's Carnegie Hall, the Vienna Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Salzburg, Schleswig-Holstein and Munich Festivals, Konzerthaus Berlin and Kölner Philharmonie. He appears both as recital accompanist and chamber musician with such renowned artists as Brigitte Fassbaender, Barbara Bonney, Juliane Banse, Michelle Breedt, Thomas Hampson, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Olaf Bär, Matthias Goerne, Christoph Prégardien, Thomas Quasthoff, Peter Schreier, Michael Schade, The Cherubini Quartet, The Vogler Quartet, The Petersen Quartet among many others.

A prolific recording artist, Mr. Rieger is well-represented on numerous CDs, many of which received various awards.

Awards and distinctions include the honorary medal of the Associació Franz Schubert de Barcelona.

CRAIG RUTENBERG

PIANIST



Photo: Christian Steiner

Pianist Craig Rutenberg, "whose playing ranged from sterling directness to expansive beauty," (San Francisco Chronicle) has collaborated with many of the world's greatest vocalists and is recognized as one of the most distinguished accompanists on the stage today.

Having studied piano and interpretation with John Wustman, Geoffrey Parsons, Pierre Bernac and Miriam Solovieff, Mr. Rutenberg has appeared in recital with Denyce Graves, Sumi Jo, Harolyn Blackwell, Susanne Mentzer, Frederica von Stade, Angelika Kirchschrager and Dawn Upshaw, and frequently with Thomas Hampson, Ben Heppner and Jerry Hadley as well as Olaf Baer, Simon Keenlyside and Stanford Olsen. He has performed with Mr. Hampson at the White House under the Clinton administration.

Mr. Rutenberg, whose recording with Susanne Mentzer prompted Opera News to praise him for “[making] the piano sing with clean articulation and a palette of colors to coordinate with ... every mood,” records for Deutsche Grammophon, EMI/Angel, BMG/RCA and Koch International. He has appeared repeatedly in concert on national and international television and radio, including numerous PBS specials.

Currently Head of Music Administration at the Metropolitan Opera, Mr. Rutenberg is also Guest Coach at Operahögskolan in Stockholm and at Operan in Gothenburg. He regularly coaches and gives master classes at the Chicago Lyric Opera for American Artists, the Pittsburgh Opera Center, Chicago Opera Theatre and the Vancouver Opera as well as the training programmes at the Washington Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Craig Rutenberg has also worked for the Opera Studio de Paris, the Glyndebourne Festival Opera, the San Francisco Opera, the Houston Grand Opera, the Santa Fe Opera and the Glimmerglass Opera.

In addition to his teaching activities in the 2008-09 season, Mr. Rutenberg appeared in recital with Christine Brewer, Vivica Genaux, Maria Guleghina, Susanne Mentzer, Ben Heppner, Teddy Tahu Rhodes and Thomas Hampson.

THOMAS HAMPSON / BARITONE

WOLFRAM RIEGER / CRAIG RUTENBERG / PIANO

Recording producers:

Martin Sauer, Teldex Studios, Berlin (tracks 1-6, 8, 12, 17, 19)

Da-Hong Seetoo, Rose Studio, Lincoln Center, New York (tracks 7, 9-11, 13-16, 18, 20-22)

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